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knowing that they do, and without straining for it in the least. This is art.

Moreover, the hero of this story is ideal for constructive purposes. We have only to look into his mind to understand the story and to see that, granting his temperament, the course of its events is inevitable. Only once or twice does the author feel obliged, in the interests of clarity, to view Mark Sabre objectively through the eyes of a somewhat improbably hilarious solicitor. Thus Sabre, created natural and lovable, is also a perfect medium for the story-teller.

But there is, in the second place, another felicity of method which deserves stress.

The curse of the modern novel is fanciful psychology, complexity of motive, aimless subjectivity, mood-mongering. Now the fact is that while the content of the staidest mind may be endlessly variable and even wildly varied, our motives are for the most part as simple as those of children—except, of course, when we play the tedious game of refining on our motives, as the people of Howells's novels are wont to do. That is a real human habit, but it is secondary. Primarily we are simple—not in thought, but in essential feeling. Mr. Hutchinson knows this, as Dickens knew it, and he gives us richness of mental content with simplicity of motive. This is a factor that makes for power in his stories. To be sure some of the people he creates seem, on reflection, even too simple; they blunder so much, scheme so little—some are merely foils, though good ones. But how much better than the contrary error!

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THE CRAFT OF FICTION. By Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though the considerations which Mr. Lubbock brings forward at the beginning of his discourse seem rather fine-spun and though they are of a sort rather likely to discourage the plain truth-seeker or the single-minded literary aspirant, the author's success in getting to the root of difficult practical matters with a minimum of delay and a maximum of clearness is little short of a triumph.

A novel, Mr. Lubbock says in effect, is different from other forms of art, such as painting or sculpture (he does not mention *music*), in that you cannot keep the work of art as a whole before your eyes. All that you have to criticize is an imperfect memory of the book; consequently you can never perfectly appreciate its form. All this is talk of the sort which has become fashionable since psychology applied its principles to art; it seems remotely to echo the old despair over the impossibility of reconciling religion with science, or the terror that people felt when they first recognized that knowledge is relative and not absolute. One does not like sickly things in connection with literature, and a dread of the scientific point of view, a feeling that psychology makes monkeys of us when we try to create or to criticize literature, is an ailment of the literary mind to-day.

But Mr. Lubbock gets bravely over it. After all, he finds perfectly definite problems to solve and he succeeds in solving them quite definitely. If he is metaphysically apologetic in his first chapter, he is metaphysically precise and clear in dealing with his actual subject matter later, and the difficulty of remembering the form of a story does not figure much, except in the introduction.

A philosophic gift is needed, for few things are more baffling to the average intellect than is the relation between the novelist's mind and his subject. But Mr. Lubbock is able to secure the great advantage of starting at the right point. "What is the subject?" he says. "What is the story *about*? . . . this is the question to press." And again: "The best form is that which makes the most of its subject—there is no other definition of form in fiction."

In other words, *purpose* is the key to right art and right criticism, as it is to most other things as well. We are not able to judge of any form of human endeavor, or even to define it, until we have discovered its purpose. It is well that this point is not lost sight of, as it so often is, in a sophisticated discussion of technique.

After applying this criterion of subject, or purpose, to one or two well-chosen masterpieces, the author goes on to the consideration of the various methods by which the novelist makes his form fit the theme he has undertaken. He draws, in the first place, a valid and illuminating distinction between the panoramic method (the picture-making or objectifying faculty of the novelist) and the dramatic method. For the sake of its greater intensity the dramatic method tends always to be preferred. The first step in this direction is the telling of the story in the first person—the substitution of a "characterized 'I'" for the meaningless "I" of the narrator in the background. But there are later refinements, culminating in the device of allowing the reader to watch, not the mere acts, but the thoughts, of the protagonist in the story—the author still *telling* nothing—and of then, by a sleight of art hardly perceptible to the reader, regarding this same protagonist once more objectively, to be *seen*, like any other person in the narrative. Mr. Lubbock ingeniously simplifies these subtleties, showing at the same time their practical importance.

This book about the novelist's craft is neither purely professional nor purely academic in attitude. It is as far from being over-literary as it is from being "popular" in style. If one is a bit surprised to find a discussion of the art of novel-writing confined so closely to the question of the point of view in narration, still one can hardly question the supreme importance of this phase of the subject as the author develops it.

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MORE THAT MUST BE TOLD. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

What gives interest to Sir Philip Gibbs's new book is really his downright and slashing attack upon the political leaders of Europe—the "Old Gang" as